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THE
MORAL AND POLITICAL CRISIS
OF
England:

MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

TO THE

Higher and Middle Classes.

BY

THE REV. MELVILLE HORNE,

Curate of St. Stephen's,

SALFORD.

Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri,
Quo me cunque rapit tempestas, deferor, Hospes.

Non.

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THE

Moral and Political Crisis

OF

ENGLAND.

TO the moral eye, never did this Country exhibit a more extraordinary and interesting scene, than at this moment. It is not one prominent feature, however striking, but the expression of the whole face, which claims, and fixes our attention. May we contemplate it with deliberate wisdom, and act with the energy, which the approaching crisis imperiously requires.

By the most signal interpositions of Providence, we were brought safe, and victorious, through the most dreadful war ever waged, and against the most fearful opposition nation ever grappled with. We were covered with glory, and intoxicated with joy. Throughout the contest, a furious faction hung on our launches, predicting defeat, glorying in our reverses, and repining at our victories. Yet we conquered; *for God was on our side*. While the shout of victory was in our ears, THE DESTROYER was brought a Prisoner to our coast. Again that faction lifted its loud voice, would have fraternized with him in his bonds, and even have received him, as a friend, into the heart of the country. Thank God, that *deadly* blow was warded. But though repeatedly foiled on the high places of his pride, a prisoner and an exile, and his invincible legions compelled to submit to superior force; yet it too soon appeared, that neither on the Continent, nor yet in England, had we slain the impious spirit of Jacobinism. That was yet to be combated, subdued, and exterminated, by the moral power of our pens; by the wisdom of our laws; by the tem-

perate energy of Government; by the fortitude of judges; by the incorruptible integrity of juries; by the strenuous exertions of the clergy; by the good sense, public spirit, and piety of the people; and above all, by the blessing of the Almighty on all means, which we could use, and especially, on the extended operations of a Bible Society of all Christendom: a Society which his Providence seems to have raised up, to stem the impieties of the day. But instead of doing this, the lassitude induced by past exertions, the joy inspired by the security of peace, the exultation of victory, and the blind confidence of conscious strength, all conspired to lull us to sleep, under the shade of our laurels. But the Evil Spirit, dark source of ill, slept not. With preternatural activity, he collected, rallied, and reanimated his scattered forces, and reinforced them with new levies. He devised new modes of annoyance, and at this moment, *we see every element of corruption and crime, not only arrayed, but in active co-operation against Church and State, God and Man.*

From the Reformation, LIBERTY, which had flourished, as a plant of native growth, in the breasts of our British and Anglo-Saxon Fathers, but had, for many ages, been trammelled and stunted by our Norman Kings, and the House of Plantagenet, began to warm England with her sacred energies. A Protestant Church asserted our old English Liberties. Even the Renowned Elizabeth, wise and patriotic as were the general measures of her government, had the uncontrolled soul of her Father. The government was in the hands of herself, and of her ministers. The English Parliament, Lords and Commons, were an honoured name, which gave dignity to her counsels, and strength to her government, while yet, they were held, as we of this day do not hesitate to declare, in a state of *comparatively splendid slavery*. When the sceptre was transmitted to the weak Princes of the House of Stewart, our first Charles was educated, by a Father, who verily thought himself a *British Solomon*, in all the unlimited prerogative, of what he appositely called, KINGCRAFT. The man himself was adorned with many personal virtues; but the Prince, brought up in false principles, which Civil and Reli-

gious Liberty could no longer brook, was deemed a tyrant, for doing what so many tyrants had done before, with impunity. Laud persecuted, and the misguided Prince attempted to impose on the Scots that Episcopacy, which they had before destroyed, and which they were determined to perish, rather than to see restored. Thus were two of the mightiest principles of man united in common cause; yet both degenerated; the one into Licentiousness; and the other into Fanaticism. The balance of the Constitution was first rudely shaken, and then the Constitution itself soon fell successively, in all its parts. Civil war bathed the land in her best blood, and kindled the fiercest animities, which are not yet exterminated. The King died, Monarchy and the House of Peers were abolished, the Church of England fell with them, a Republic was proclaimed, a military despotism succeeded, and ignominiously turned the degraded Commons out of their own House. In the person of Cromwell an Absolute Dictator was appointed, under the more popular English name of Protector. At his death, he left the nation generally disgusted and dissatisfied, without any solid settlement of government and religion. She recalled the exiled sons of her late King, and re-established her Constitution in State and Church. But as Charles the Second was every way a worse man, so he was a greater Tyrant and Corrupter of the Church and State, than his Father. But in the Tyranny of the Son was a method, a seduction, which the Father never understood. He tyrannized through the medium, and under the sanction of a Parliament, which yet did not submit, without many noble, but ineffectual struggles. When the worse natured, and worse nurtured James threw off the mask, would have compelled us to return to Rome, and would have ruled us with a rod of Iron, the Church and State simultaneously shook off the ignominious yoke, and consolidated their Civil and Religious Liberties under the auspicious rule of the Glorious Third William, of Nassau. Then first commenced the full reign of English Law and Liberty. It has been transmitted unimpaired from Father to Son, as the UNDOUBTED AND UNALIENABLE BIRTHRIGHT OF EVERY ENGLISHMAN; and never has it shone

with brighter lustre, than under the paternal Sceptre, of the Princes of the House of Brunswick.

We enjoy Liberty of the purest kind, of the noblest, and of the best established root. It is the glory of our own Country, and the praise and envy of all others. But nothing is unmixed, unchangeable, and perpetual under the sun. The more we enjoy, the more carefully should we guard and defend it on every side, from every peril to which it is exposed. From the Prince, from the Parliament itself, from a Factions, Unprincipled Opposition, and from a Licentious and Infuriate Populace, we have alternately much to fear; and we must vary our defence, accordingly as we change our enemies, and as they vary the point, and mode of attack. From the King and his Ministers, we have little to fear individually. They cannot tyrannize, but through the medium of Parliament, and the opinion of the sound part of the people, the virtue and piety of the land, will ever operate as a powerful check on Parliament. From that "many headed, monster thing," a lawless multitude, without counsel and union, we have also little to fear, until they become the tool of a powerful and daring Faction. And this, it is to be feared, is actually *now* the case. But when the *phrenzied Madness of Liberty* once seizes on a majority of a British Parliament, "*actum est de republicâ.*" *They will dig one immense grave, and bury King, Crown, Lords, Church, State, and their own Selves in one common ruin. This they did once, and they may do again. Nor is it clear, that they may not do it soon. The signs of the day are many, and most of them of fearful portent.*

The Long Parliament was once, what our present opposition has long been, a powerful and daring faction in the state; and who can say, considering the *fury* and *order* of their march, how soon our opposition may have it in their will and power, to play over again the dreadful game of that Parliament? How was it *then*, and how is it *now*? Let any Statesman compare the history of those times, with the events, which are passing before his eyes, and then say, "If there be no danger; if the Nation be not now in a GRAND MORAL CRISIS, highly perilous;

such as to call forth the loyalty of her genuine Sons, and strongly, to implore the aid of Him, *by whom Princes reign*, and mighty Empires rise and fall? The opinions of Statesmen and Partizans, as liable to suspicion, are often rejected, when they are most needed, and most true. And it is this consideration chiefly, which influences an obscure individual, unconnected with the State; *a dying man*, who has nothing to hope or fear on earth, to address himself to all his disinterested Compatriots, who love their Country for her own loveliness, *to rouse their sleeping energies, and to come forth in all the mightiness of their united strength, to rescue and to save her.*

A constitutional opposition, which with *true patriot heart*, and *disinterested soul*, watches over the welfare of the Country, is a godlike thing; and one of the firmest pillars of the Church and State. May God for ever give us such a conscientious opposition of *virtue, piety, and truth*; and not only bless their counsels, but give us obedient ears and hearts to attend to them! But an opposition *organized on system*, where all the wealth, power, and influence of Patricians is combined with all the talent, and eloquence of the Commons' House; when they are impelled by that ambition, which has been leniently called, the *glorious fault of noble minds*; or when they are influenced by the meaner motives, of power, place, pension, or the glittering bawble of a ribbon, coronet, or star; when they are factiously pledged to stand by each other; when they are determined to oppose any, and every measure, merely because it emanates from his Majesty's Ministers, however wise, necessary and inexceptionable it may be; when their object is no less, than an entire conquest of King, Parhament and Country, to turn out the whole Government, and to fill it with themselves and their friends; when to effect this, they will stoop to every means and instrument, to seduce, inflame, and corrupt the Public Mind; and finally, when they seem determined, "*scu versare dolos, aut certæ occumbere morti,*" even though they should involve their country in common ruin with themselves, IT IS THE FOULEST OF CONSPIRACIES: A conspiracy of Peers and Commoners, whose fortunes and

talents leave them not the extenuations of Poverty and Ignorance; a Conspiracy of men of the highest honour and trust, who turn the confidence of their unsuspecting Country to its destruction; a Conspiracy in that sacred Parliament, from which, while Englishmen look for Protection under all extremities, every element of evil is arrayed, emanates, and before suspicion is awakened, bursts in ruin on their defenceless heads.

All this is confessedly hypothetical reasoning, and if the premises be false, vain must be the conclusions. But let us attend to facts. In the day of our First Charles, the attack commenced on the unlimited prerogative, and illegal tyranny of the Sovereign. Now it is directed against the united Peers and Commons of England, and an opinion is generally prevalent among the lower orders, that they are both so *universally and incurably corrupt* that England has no hope in that Parliament, which has hitherto been her strength, her safety and her pride. Not only knowledge and virtue, but *the very opinion of them is power*. The contrary opinion is *rottenness, and corruption in the bone*. Whether such opinion does prevail of the British Parliament, *let the free voice of the Country decide*. If it does, let them determine a second question, How little authority such a Parliament, and the Prince who reigns by it, can have in the breasts of Englishmen, while such a deadly opinion palsies their influence? Happily as yet, it is confined to the lower orders. But a third question arises, *Whence* did such an opinion emanate? It is for no private individual, to criminate a British Parliament, or any part of it; but the appeal still lies to the nation, Whether it does not emanate from the Parliament itself, and chiefly from the Opposition? Are they not ever inveighing against the corruption, venality, and vacillating imbecility of Ministers? Do they not impute to them the most unprincipled profusion of the Public Purse? Do they suffer almost any topic, or argument, which ingenuity can devise, to escape them, in order to mislead, irritate, and inflame the people, and to compel Ministers to resign to them their power, office, place, and emolument? And do not Government, in their turn,

unmask the Opposition, detect their arts, expose their motives, and reproach them for hazarding the Country to every peril, rather than fail to turn ministers out of office? Can the populace philosophize on the principles of man, and make due allowance for ambition, prejudice, party spirit, and the irritation of the moment? They cannot, will not do it; but will speak of Gentlemen out of Parliament, as freely as they do of each other in it. No place is privileged for language untrue, irritating, inflammatory, and factions. If factions divide the Senate, the *least* that they can do, is to divide the Country. In union is *strength and peace*; in division is *weakness and war*; and *perhaps common ruin*. The dignity, authority, and influence of the House are wasting away, and the lower orders ripening fast, for general revolt and revolution.

In one England, there was once but one King, one House of Lords, and one House of Commons; but of late years, we have seen many Kings, many Houses of Lords and Commons, and multitudes of Demagogues, from the dregs of the people, publicly preaching sedition, blasphemy, and revolt, to their ten thousands. Even from the Spaw Field Meeting, when Radicalism was in her cradle, we learn from the mutual recriminations of Thistlewood and Hunt, that there was a bold design to seize on the Tower, and arm the people. This *feasible* design was, it seems, frustrated by the impetuosity of young Watson; and when the elder Watson and Thistlewood were on Trial, their forfeited lives were saved, by the fidelity with which good Mr. Hunt kept their secret, and the ability with which he stood a cross-examination. On that day of riot, the worthy Lord Mayor of London, Mr. Alderman Wood, with his own hand, seized two conscience stricken wretches. Glorifying in this hardy feat, he declared, that to his perspicacious mind, it appeared with the demonstration of intuition, that there was no conspiracy. It was a mere ebullition of popular fury, which could have no serious consequences. His great heart disdained to fear. Confident in the wisdom, vigilance and fortitude of their Lord Mayor, the City of London might repose secure, as under the Shield of

Minerva. Whether his Majesty's Ministers could place implicit confidence in his absolute wisdom, we have no official information; but we know, that Opposition is a thorn ever rankling in their side; a heavy drag upon their wheel. Preventive measures are no where more invidious, than in a country, free to licentiousness. They therefore dissembled what they knew, patiently watched the march of Radicalism, and waited the most proper time to apply a remedy.

From that time, all was activity, system, and arrangement. Radical Committees were established, and correspondences opened on all sides. Funds were raised, and all the choice works of Radicalism dispersed through the Country. From the press, and vivâ voce, every thing sacred and venerable was assailed. King, Princes, Lords, Commons, Army and Navy, the Church, the Bar, Judges, Juries, and Magistrates were calumniated, belied, and vilified, without feeling, shame, or fear. Property was to be divided, the public debt discharged by bankruptcy, annual parliaments were to be elected, by universal suffrage, and no man was to work more than eight hours in the day. **THE BIBLE STOOD IN THEIR WAY. IT MUST BE DISBELIEVED.** Christian Religion and her Ministers were incompatible with the precious Liberty of crime; *she must be abolished, her ministers massacred, and the Atheism of China Established by Law.* Menace, and every art of intimidation was resorted to. Insurrection was a sacred Duty. Assassination was avowed, justified, and recommended as a powerful arm. Threats of promiscuous massacre and conflagration were not spared. Terror was the order of the day, and every loyal man trembled for his life. Manchester had become the Crater of the Volcano, and spread smoke and fire over the circumjacent Counties. Blasphemy and Seditious, accompanied by the banners of anarchy, were seen and heard on all sides.

These things were not done in a corner. It was impossible Government should be ignorant of them; yet they took no notice. Their best friends were amazed at this real, or affected supineness, and knew not how to account for it. The zeal of individuals out-

can that of the Government, and they loudly announced the Public Danger, and called for general co-operation to repel it. Soon after, documents were submitted to Committees of both Houses, who, after examination, reported to their respective Houses, *that there was proof of a dangerous conspiracy*. On this the Habeas Corpus was suspended, and other vigorous measures adopted. This Senatus-consultum, *gravé et vehemens*, struck terror into the most fearless hearts. Even Cobbet fled; and Henry Hunt hid his shameless head. Animated by the vigour of Government, the Magistrates of Manchester dispersed an army of blanket-men, and apprehended the most criminal; happily without *any blood shed*. A partial insurrection was quelled in Nottinghamshire, yet not before murder had been committed. Eighteen of the ring leaders were convicted at Derby, of whom six suffered; but the other twelve pleading guilty, and throwing themselves on the mercy of their Country, were transported. Besides these, Bagguley, Drummond, and Johnson, and a few more equally notorious, were incarcerated for some months, and thereby preserved from doing harm to themselves, and others. By this mixture of vigour and lenity, rebellion was held in check, and the radical standard was left neglected in the quiet street. But this was a sight, which the loyal Alderman Wood could not bear. The Country had been buried in inglorious peace, perhaps, *for nine months*. If this were always to continue, how could he exhibit his valour by taking two more prisoners, on the crowded Exchange? Like a worthy successor of the high-souled Sir William Walworth, he put the colours in his pocket, and after borrowing Waithman's heavenly eloquence to grace his own Minervan Wisdom, he went to the House, and unfurled them there. There "sage he stood, with princely counsel, and Atlantean shoulders, fit to support the weight of mightiest monarchies," and talked of *green bags*, and *sham plots*, and looked, and smiled on the Opposition Benches, and seemed to ask, *Am not I, THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE?* Not long after, the young Fitzwilliam, a second Ulysses, as old Homer would say, *took the word* from this Pylia Nestor, and though a

member of the Committee, who found conspiracy in the bag, then profligately denied, and laughed at his own report. Successively another, and another winds up his courage to the same pitch, until the whole Opposition is rallied, and the *green bag containing the radical flag*, is triumphantly placed on their benches, *labelled as a Ministerial Plot*. Then, if ever, Government was weak, vacillated, and quitted a strong vantage ground, to give rebels time to rally, and to reduce themselves to the painful and perilous necessity, of fighting the battle over again. Then it appeared, the Immortal William Pitt was not among men, to protect his much loved Britain. Had his commanding soul, his thundering, lightening eloquence been in the House, and all the Briton and the Patriot been burning in his face, his eyes, his frown, Wood, and Milton would have fled, before the Terrific Genius of their country. Loud faction had been silenced at his voice. Once he had, in England, bound the Jacobinism of France, and had he lived to see her revive under the monstrous form of Radicalism, and had bound her a second time, never would he have suffered her to escape, until she expired beneath the force of his Herculean Grasp. But his Majesty's Ministers thought otherwise; perhaps they thought she was already *dead*. Government released their prisoners, and the first proof they gave of this ill judged lenity, was to denounce assassination to Lord Castlereagh and Lord Sidmouth, until they were again lodged in Chester Castle.

What effect this conduct of the Opposition, in Parliament, did produce on the Radicals out of it, is not for man *fully* to state. Of two things, we may be certain. The Opposition did *intend* and *expect* effects; and the sagacity, even of what they are pleased to call, or think, the *Swinish Multitude*, would not fail to understand their *intention*, nor to answer to their *expectation*. All we know is, that many Radicals clapped their hands for joy, and exclaimed, "We have won the day! The Opposition are of one heart and soul with ourselves. But they are honourable, rich, and powerful men, and will run no risks. They have all we want. They smile, and significantly say, well done; go on; increase as a snowball; and when you have

sufficient physical strength, we will *openly* put ourselves at your head, and lead you to Revolution." This speech shook Pandemonium with reverberated applause. But when clamour had subsided into silence, I saw a grey headed Orator arise. I was curious to ask his name, and was told he was a School-master, *who had meddled with a paucity of learning*, and was held in high estimation among Radicals. The old man rushed to action, with all the vehemence of Laocoon.

—"O miseri, quæ tanta insania, cives?

Creditis avectos hostes? aut ulla putatis

Dona carere dolis Danaûm? sic notus Ulysses?

Aut hoc inclusi ligno occultantur Achivi;

Aut hoc in nostros fabricata est machina muros,

Inspectura domos, venturaque desuper urbi;

Aut aliquis latet error: equo, ne cred te, Teneri,

Quicquid id est, timeo Danaos et dona ferentes."

Then recovering from his *prophetic rage*, he addressed the multitude in vulgar English. "I know you do not understand Latin, but it is proper that I should use it, to make you *feel my superiority*, and that you may listen to me, with *due respect*. Do not doubt, that I can expound it, to our purpose thus. *Never trust the Opposition. By birth, education, fortune, station, and talents, they are incurable Aristocrats. We never should have dreamed of our own slavery, misery, and oppression, had they not told us of them. And this they did out of pure malice and envy, and not of good will. They have betrayed their King, Lords, and Commons, all of whom they painted as black as night; nay they have betrayed their own interests, and cut their own throats. Shall we, then, trust to these Betray-ers, these Suicides? When Fox came into office, after abusing Pitt for a Tax of £5 per cent, did he not lay on £10? Did he in any way, lighten our burthens? You know he did not. If by our assistance, this Opposition should get into Government, what have we to hope from men, who gained power by such desperate, and unconscionable means? They only want to make us their tools, and to*

expose us to perils, they dare not brave. When they have carried their point, they will not care, though the earth drink our blood for sacrifice. We will dive a fathom beneath them. They shall be our tools; and we will beat them, with their own weapons. We will shew a double face, and speak with a double tongue. We must be loud and violent, to encourage our friends, and to intimidate our foes. We must be open in avowing the full extent of our designs, and yet throw a flimsy veil over them. It is easy to deceive those, who deceive themselves. While one part of us propagate Atheism, let the other prate about religion and the Bible, and protest their aversion to pillage, and shedding blood. Such is the pride of ALL THE TALENTS, that they think it as easy to lay the storm, as to raise it. Such is their rancour, that they will push things to the last extremities; and before they wake, the day will be our own. Then, we will not spare a man of them. THE LESS MERCY, THE MORE PILLAGE." This speech was received with loud applause, and it was agreed unanimously, that they should adopt the counsels of this crafty orator.

No sooner was the Suspension of the Habeas Corpus taken off, than Radicalism revived with tenfold activity and fury. Now Carlisle's *Temple of Reason* emitted all poisons, and the whole atmosphere was corrupted and pestilential. Union Schools were organized to drill childhood and youth, male and female, to Radicalism. The *virtuous* Harrison presided at Stockport, and his corival Wroe at Manchester. Treason and blasphemy were the most lucrative of Trades, and they were to be conducted without character or talent. Fathers and mothers were sworn to corrupt the infant mind. Shameless women now openly fraternized, and vied with men in crime. Individual Radicals, or delegations of them, by letter or person, expostulated with the Ministers of Religion, or threatened their lives, for teaching them to *fear God, and honour the King*. Some destroyed Bibles; others taught rebellion from the Bible. Hardly one congregation escaped *wholly* from the infection. It spread, as by a preternatural

energy; an infernal enchantment. The Manchester Observer every week terrified us with war-whoops, and death songs. It was common talk, that on such a day, and on such a day, there was to be a general rising, when every Gentleman was to be killed. Loud treason was heard in the street, where loyalty spoke in whispers. The agitation was general and excessive, with the exception only of strong oppositionists, who affected to say, *there was no danger*. Some had quitted the Town, and others as valiant, as Earl Grey, to face the storm, prudently sent their wives and children, to a safer sanctuary. Some had contracted their trade, sold their property, or withdrawn their money which lay at interest. Nor was the panic without cause; for the Radicals seemed anxious to convince us, that their threats would not prove *brutum fulmen*. Pikes were fabricated every where, thousands of pistols had been publicly sold, and from every part of the Town, were popping in our ears; and as good Mr. Hunt has since admitted, the people all around were playing, at the *innocent game of soldiers*. But the morning before, two officers of police, after most brutal treatment, had been obliged to renounce their allegiance, to save their lives. Such were the auspices under which was ushered in the *Memorable Sixteenth of August, 1819*.

The day was fair, but it broke on an anxious Town. None but the Magistrates, and their confidential advisers and agents, knew what line of conduct they would adopt. But the peaceful Inhabitants had been warned, by placards of Magistrates, and by Sermons of Ministers, some not without tears of grief, to watch at home over the safety of their families, and not to tempt the perils of a day of evil omen. Terror was impressed on every female face of respectability. The bold countenance of man wore the sombre, reflective, and determined purpose of those, whose blood revulsed to the heart, by fearful expectation, was ready to be propelled to the extremities, with supernatural energy, in fighting *pro aris et focis*. The same feeling may be expected, to have been still stronger in those, who were called to more active and perilous duties on that dubious day. It is not now in season, to repeat a thread worn story; but as an Inhabitant of Manchester,

and as a duty to her Magistrates, the Author feels compelled to some remark.

London, secure in the Majesty of the throne, the authority of Parliament, the presence of Nobles and Gentry, the protection of a strong military force, and the loyalty of an immense Metropolis, is no fair representation of Manchester. With the exception of a handful of Magistrates, Clergy, Gentlemen of Law, Medicine, and perhaps of one hundred of private fortune, the Town is all Manufacture, or Trade. Here our enemies are of our own household, and we know not whom to trust. Our military force was slender, and we were invaded, from twenty miles around, by all the disloyalty of the Country. We were threatened with the worst extremities, and on pain of infamy and death, it was the imperious duty of our Magistrates, to disperse so perilous an assembly. What has happened we know; what might, and *probably* would have happened, if not prevented, *we know not*. The receiver was surcharged with electric fluid, and who shall wonder, if it recoiled on those, who filled it? Who shall complain of Peterloo, when the *organised terrors of months of slavery and fear* had driven us, to make a desperate stand for all, which Britons can value? One problem is solved, and an important one too; that Englishmen dare brave a factious Opposition and an infuriate populace; and that Magistrates and People, Military and Yeomanry are devoted to die at the foot of a Throne, loyally supported by a British Parliament. That the riot act was read, we can produce not only the oaths of the Magistrates, who did read it, but those of their Brother Magistrates and others, who did hear them read it, and who complimented one of them, at the moment, for reading it with a *Stentrophonic voice*. And before British Laws and Sense, (while either are allowed to speak) what is it, if hundreds and thousands, of a close wedged, noisy field, where every little circle had its interest, testify *I did not see, I did not hear*? Both may well be true. It is also affirmed by some, who were on the ground, that our own Yeomanry from the beginning, charged the multitude with their sabres, and cut their way to the Hustings. The Yeomanry, and many others affirm they did not, for *they had*

no orders to do so. They mustered that day 112, formed in three troops, one of which was held in reserve, while the other two were ordered to open a way for the police. They advanced on a trot, calling on the people to make way, and menacing with their sabres. The farther they advanced, they found stronger opposition from sticks and stones; yet without striking a blow, they surrounded and took the Orators. Now a furious storm of missiles and sticks assailed them and their horses on every side, when it became necessary for their Commandant hastily to form, and to give the order, and example of charging. And now the whole Cheshire Yeomanry, and two troops of Dragoons were ordered to save them, and to disperse the people in every direction. The terror, confusion, and rout were indescribable, but the mischief done was less, than could well be imagined: and much of that mischief must be imputed to inevitable casualties. Not a man was killed that day, *by the sabre; not a limb lopped;* and the loyalists suffered at least, as much, as the Radicals. It was the flat of the sabre that was chiefly used; and if cuts were given, it was by Gentlemen personally endangered, and where opposition was made. Indeed, it is impossible to imagine, that Magistrates, Regulars, and Yeomanry, who, three years before, had dispersed 30,000 blanket men, without shudding blood, should then deliberately plan, and perpetrate atrocious massacre among 70,000.

The outcry of Mr. Hunt and his Radicals, mad with rage and disappointment, was perfectly natural, and such as was to be expected. But that all the Empire should be filled with the vilest calumnies; that they should be hastily believed, and eagerly circulated; and a universal clamour raised against us; as though the Nation thirsted for our blood, did amaze, and fill with indignation Manchester, and her Magistrates. For many months, we had suffered the terrors of siege, having enemies within, as well as without; and when we went to bed at night, we knew not, but that our town would be in flames, before morning. We had passed a most awful, and perilous day. Perhaps a thousand Gentlemen on foot, with no defence but a light truncheon, had loyally hazarded their lives, more than any Yeoman. Several were ridden

down and trampled on; one or two were killed; others had bled by the sabre, or other cutting instruments; some had received severe contusions, and many hard blows. Yet, we complained not of what we had suffered from the malice of enemies, nor the mistakes of our friends. Our Magistrates, by taking on themselves an act of high responsibility, had evinced a moral courage, more laudable than any other, which was displayed, on that dangerous ground. We had preserved our Town, given a great example, struck terror into Radicals, and saved, as it now appears, a great effusion of blood. For a year has elapsed, and we hear of no other blood, shed on this side the Tweed. We felt we had done well, and that our enemies would not soon provoke another contest. But when we were stigmatized by so many of our Countrymen, as MURDERERS, the Radicals again lifted up their heads; and though they dared not again assemble, yet our walls cried, *Blood for Blood, Massacre for Massacre!* Assassination was now proclaimed, as the Order of the day. The pistol was levelled, the dagger pointed, at every Magistrate, Yeoman, and notoriously loyal man. Now all loyalists were again struck with fear. We dared not justify what, we had done, and approved. Our characters blasted, our minds stung, and our lives exposed to dangers, against which we could not guard, we were palsied, and incapable of action.

Thus circumstanced, Wood, Waithman, and others in London, and in fact, the Opposition every where, prejudicated our cause, before it was heard; and as though they wished, to instigate the Radicals to shed our blood, they clamoured for inquiry, and condign justice. Had all this proceeded from ignorance, misinformation, and false humanity, however painful the consequences, it might be excused. But the transactions of Doncaster Races, and of the Meetings at York, Sheffield, &c. soon threw a stronger light upon it, and exhibited it in its native atrocity. It has been seen, that the contempt and contumacy prevailing against Parliament emanated from their own houses; and that they are the legitimate offspring of the Opposition, and cherished and encouraged by them, to embarrass Government,

and finally to rout it. When the Suspension of the Habeas Corpus had routed and imprisoned the Radicals, we have seen how soon Alderman Wood raised their fallen Standard; and how soon the Opposition rallied so strong around it, that Government was obliged, to take off that suspension. What a victory was that to the Opposition, and with what smiling hope did they observe the march of Radicalism through Town and Country, with drums beating, and banners displayed! When, therefore, the loyalty of Lancaster and Chester had routed Radicalism in its strongest force and pride, when King Hunt was taken and incarcerated, and the Standard, *labelled as a Green Bag Plot*, actually torn to pieces, and trampled on, all their hopes of turning Government out, and of gaining their Places were blasted; and who can wonder, if they were vexed to madness? Had our brave Yeomen killed and wounded five thousand men, they had been gratified beyond measure. Nay if they had only left five hundred, dead and wounded on the field, this had served their purpose. But to hear of such a day, *so won, and so gloriously lost*, by a people, *as timid in sedition, as brave in loyalty*, was worse than death. With what could they fight, but lies? The Radical Press teemed with them, and England was to be persuaded, that her friends were her enemies, and her enemies her friends. The long Parliament had brought the great Lord Strafford to the block, and, in so doing, had disgraced the Monarch and his Government, intimidated his friends, and encouraged his enemies. Such a precedent was not to be lost. If a censure, under the sanction of the Prince and his Government could be passed upon Manchester; who would dare any more, to oppose a Tyrant Opposition; or to obey a British Prince, and Free Parliament? This would be nobly redeeming defeat, with victory. The occasion was too pressing to be withstood. To revive the dying Radicals, and to redeem the Standard, were worthy of the boldest exertions of Opposition. They rallied in great force at York, Norwich, and elsewhere; but this page shall not be stained with the names of Noble Lords, and illustrious Commoners, who all shamed their Great Forefathers, by fraternizing with *flagitious crime*. May it be buried

in everlasting oblivion! Radicalism is dying, and with God's blessing, *may soon die. Be it the care of the Nation, as well as of the Government, that the Opposition revive their offspring no more!*

The loud, imperious calls, of what, they denominate CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION, but which Protestants term POLITICAL POWER, have long been heard from the Papists of Ireland and England. They have not preferred their claims, without strong threats to the State, if they be not granted; nor without early anticipations of victory over the Church, if they are. Both we treat as they deserve; but if they speak this language while petitioners, what may we expect them to speak, when they have carried their point? They may and will, to advance their cause, aid every tyrannical measure of State and Church; and their proselyted trumpeter, Mr. Wix, already negotiates alliance with Rome, for the worthy purpose of putting down the *Bible Society, the Evangelical Clergy, and the Protestant Dissenters!* To one and all, we would say, "Gentlemen, you see your danger, and while there is yet time, unite in *open, manly, and constitutional opposition*, to a measure so perilous." Popery can never coalesce with *Protestantism*; and the *Sure word of Prophecy declares, she never shall.* Multitudes of her Pale may be converted, but her Church shall be consumed, by our Redeemer. These are not men, with whom we can form alliance, *in honour, conscience and safety.* If they are not to be conciliated, before they have obtained political power, never will they be conciliated afterwards. And if they are to be conciliated by such means, why not so *conciliate sound Protestant Dissenters of every name?* The State and Church will need new strength, and what plausible objection, which will pass with Protestants, can be devised against it? A *test of Loyalty* may be required by every State, but what pretence can countenance a *Sacramental One* from our Protestant Brethren, when Rome is admitted to Political Power, *without one?* That the Radicals have publicly invited all Catholics to join their Banners is no novelty; for Atheism and Popery have been seen to walk hand in hand on the Continent; but it is

a strong reason, why all Englishmen should awake to the dangers of their Country, and mark every mine of inflammable material, which threatens her existence.

The good Alderman Wood, a true London Salamander, more skilled to kindle, live, and flourish in fire, than to extinguish it, even when his Majesty's Ministers, by their spontaneous interposition, had saved from death six of their sworn personal assassins, was bold to criminate them in Parliament, about one Edwards, whom he insinuated, by their own instigation had been impelled, to involve the *innocents* of Cato Street in all their Crimes. Thank God, there was *then* some *grace and modesty even in Opposition*. They blushed at his barefaced wickedness; and where he hoped to have found a clap, like Satan of old, he met a hiss. This is but one of many proofs, that the City of London, at least its enlightened Aldermen, are now as hostile to Parliament, as they were zealous for it, in the days of Charles the First.

But though our GLORIOUS OPPOSITION could not make what they wished, out of Insubordination to all constituted authorities, Radicalism, Infidelity, Atheism, Popery, Massacres at Manchester, nor Glasgow, nor yet of the Cato Street Conspiracy, yet foiled in a thousand instances, they still disdained their *Country's Sceptre, and their Country's Rule*. An ever to be lamented difference between the Sovereign and his Royal Consort gave them an occasion of mischief; and they seized it with avidity, before other perilous principles had time to cool. It is not for us to say, whether the Queen courted the Opposition, or, as is more likely, the Opposition the Queen. We do not determine, by whom this secret conspiracy was engendered, and hatched; by whom it was nursed, and licked into form; where, and when, its *Senatusconsultum*, was given out; and whether the dauntless Alderman Wood was delegated by any specific authorities, or was a volunteer, uninfluenced, in this *Noble Cause*. The extreme imbecility of the Alderman may countenance the idea, that the Opposition would never delegate him on such a delicate commission; but who, less than a Prophet, can divine the Machiavelianism of Politics? Cromwell often used half-witted, fearless men, for very critical

purposes. It left him the subterfuge, "Who can suppose I have employed such a fool, in a matter so momentous?" The same reason may have influenced the Opposition to employ the Alderman. His head, his heart, and his face were all fitted for the purpose; and if the Opposition were hard pressed, they could sacrifice him, as easily, as the hunted Castor bites off his tail, and leaves it to his enemies, as the ransom of his life. But alas! irony, like truth, has no influence on Woods, Waithmans, and Flavels. Their heads, and hearts are impenetrable to both, and we condescend to notice them, merely as the *disgraceful tail* of Opposition.

Whether it be in female folly, and daring, to act the part the Queen is now doing, even under the pupilage of the fearless Alderman, others must decide. Mr. Brougham and Mr. Denman may be strong in opposition, but will hardly pass, as *Sponsors*, for all her Majesty's follies. Dr. Lushington, indeed, has proved his sufficiency for the appointment of her Civilian, by apologizing in the House, for Outrages, which *are*, it seems, *to be committed*, at the *approaching Coronation*. Even with this constellation of wisdom, sense, and loyalty, our lunar Queen would have little light, were it not reflected upon her, from an Opposition Sun. How many Noble Lords and illustrious Commonsers condescend, to take a part in the disgraceful Drama of Bergami, posterity will not believe, and sons shall blush for their Fathers. Even in the bloody factions of York and Lancaster, there was something manly; and England's Diadem was a prize which might excuse ambition. In this ignoble, hateful strife, there is no manhood. All is infamy, without one bright spot of truth, or spark of glimmering honour. Vilified, her brightness dimmed, and bleeding by many a parricidal blow, the Mighty Parliament of England stands self balanced, by her own weight. Unimpressible, in her collective might, faction now turns her fury on an *Illustrious Individual*. A ROYAL STAG is to be hunted down, and even now he is surrounded, by furious hounds, and horsemen. And this is to be done in honour of a Queen whom many pity, but whom in her present equivocal situation, no Oppositionist of sense and virtue can honour. It is not then love to the Queen, but hate to the King; not humanity, but faction, which impel the savage sport.

While yet a boy, the writer remembers an anecdote circulated of the Heir Apparent, then a mere child. It proves how early he was distinguished by that feeling, which marks a Briton, and should peculiarly characterize England's King. Utterly incapable of judging of Mr. Wilks, his conduct, and his principles, even in the presence of his Royal Father, he shouted, "Wilks and Liberty, No. 45!" This feeling, in early manhood, attached him to the Right Honourable Charles James Fox, and other illustrious Chiefs of Opposition. He was the man of his right hand, and they were all distinguished, as the *Prince's Friends*. From them he learned the arts of empire, and Mr. Fox was the confidential adviser of his counsels. If there were shades of human infirmity in his character, they were not concealed from them; yet they professed to *love and honour him*, and gave him a princely eulogy, as *The Rising Sun*. To Earl Grey, he gave the highest mark of his esteem, by soliciting himself and Lord Grenville, to take distinguished places, in his Government. Let England now say, whether *He is not pierced in the house of his Friends?* How acutely must he feel, to see his honour insulted as a man, and as a Husband; and to have domestic infelicity made the stalking horse of faction, if not of actual rebellion! *England's King Alone* seems precluded from that liberty, which is enjoyed by his meanest subject. What honest John Bull, if he believes himself disgraced by his wife, will fear to express his resentment publicly? Should the King Himself interfere, would he not be told, "Sir, this is no business of yours? As a husband, I shall treat my wife, not as you think, but as *I think*, she deserves. Your Majesty, and every body else may continue to call her *Mrs. Bull*; but while my name is *John Bull*, I will never call her so; nor acknowledge her as my wife. Maintain her I must; and if I were not obliged to do it, John Bull is not the man to refuse a maintenance, to a woman, he once called his wife." Now if the King pretended to compel John to call his wife *Mrs. Bull*, the whole family of Bulls would be in arms against him, as a *Tyrant*. How the cases differ, it is impossible to say: except, that it is more ignominious, to be tyrannized over by a Mob, than by a Prince.

It is for none to pronounce the Queen, innocent, or guilty: a full and fair investigation of law must determine that. But if her innocence were as fully proved as it could be, that is to say, that by *a defect of proof, the fact could not be brought home*, is it ever to be expected, that after such conduct abroad and at home, the King will ever put a crown upon her head, or, by any *public act*, recognize her as England's Queen? On a former delicate inquiry her Majesty was, indeed, acquitted of crime; but, by all the noble Personages, who made the investigation, and by her Royal Father, she was censured for a levity, unbecoming her exalted station. This ought to have been an effectual admonition. A Queen of England, circumstanced as she was, ought not to reside on the Continent, without English Ladies and Gentlemen, of unblemished honour, round her person, as the witnesses of her unblamable conduct. When they left her, as it is said, on various *pretences*, her Majesty should have taken the alarm, and have *insisted* on knowing the *real motive* of a conduct, which left her unprotected, to the calumnies of the world. The English are free speakers, they love not foreigners, and least of all Italians; and when so called upon, no honourable Lady or Gentleman of England, would have feared to say "Madam, such is the character of Bergami, that he can be no fit companion for the Wife of the Prince Regent of England, and the Mother of her Future Queen. The Husband, the Daughter, the Country demand of your Majesty, to consult your fame, which already suffers from this low born man." This is language the Queen could not have failed to hear, had she wished to know the real motive, why she was forsaken by her English Suite. If she did not *explicitly* hear this language, she must have known, or strongly suspected, that it was held. Let common sense determine what course the Queen had to adopt. "Let Bergami be dismissed; but do not you, my English Friends and Subjects, forsake me, until you have given me your honourable convoy to the British Shores, or placed me in the affectionate bosom of my native Brunswick."

But instead of doing this, with a Suite of Bergami's, her Majesty made a Tour to Elba, Malta, Algiers, Jerusalem, Venice,

Naples, Milan, Austria, and all the Continent, in a style, calculated to reflect nothing but disgrace on Herself, her Royal Consort, and the British Nation. If there were demonstration, luminous as the Sun, that her Majesty's chastity is as pure as driven snow, and as frozen as eternal Glaciers, which never melt, yet a girl of sixteen, sitting down to compose a Romance, could not, under all its circumstances, have produced a more delirious dream, than the Travels of Caroline, Princess of Wales.

She married a Prince of Wales, and was associated to all his honours. When he became King of England, and had reason to be offended by such wild travels, (to say nothing of the question pending) it lay in his own breast, whether he would recognize her as Queen of England. *That Throne* is not her native right, as it was of Queens Elizabeth, Mary and Anne. George Prince of Denmark, the Royal Consort of Queen Anne, was never honoured, by proud England, with the title of her King. The merits and services of the Great Nassau, and the acknowledged right of his royal Consort, *hardly* procured to him the Power, as well as the title of King. Henry the Seventh of Lancaster married Elizabeth sole Heiress of York, and yet jealously proud of his Lancastrian Title, he never crowned her, until many years after his marriage. If it be said, he was a Tyrant, it must at least be confessed, he was *a wise and useful one*, to curb a Nobility, which had for years bathed England in blood. George the fourth is no Tyrant, his Wife has no disputed title to the Throne, and to convulse the Nation on account of a woman (to say the least) so light, so weak, and frivolous, is perhaps a species of Madness, which never disgraced a people before. She is no constituent Member of the State. We owe her no fealty. We have no more to do with the King's wife, except to shew her the respect due to her rank, than he has to do with ours. If as the dignified head of the State and Church of England, he has excluded her name from the Service of our Church, he has exercised his indubitable Prerogative. She is a private woman, though an illustrious subject; and ~~be~~ she ever so innocent, as to crime, after such flagrant follies, she has ~~no~~ right, to complain of her Husband and her Sovereign. To live as

she pleased abroad, with the courteous title of the Queen of England, and an income of £50,000 per annum, unmolested, with conscious honour, if she was innocent, and with impunity, if guilty, might have shed a glory upon her head, and enabled her to close her days in peace. But she preferred, in the face of all Nations, to brave her Husband, her Sovereign, and the collective Majesty of England, all its worth, authority and power, *greater far than that of any King*, who ever swayed her Sceptre. She contends not merely with her Sovereign, but with the whole British Name. If she can think, she is not sure of defeat; yet for *this act only*, she is secure of disgrace, which time shall not obliterate. She had no public duties to perform; no public, nor private friendships to invite; she could have no motives, which will merit approbation. The *honour of her name* is the only poor pretext she can alledge; and supposing her *always innocent of crime*, could her honour have been more immortalized in glory, than to have postponed it, to a *Nation's Peace*?

When she determined to return to England, anxious as she says to clear her honour, and to court the investigation of her conduct, why did she not bring with her the whole Suite of Bergami's, with whom she had passed in triumph, in Africa, Asia, and Europe? Why not introduce to Earl Grey, and all her Friends in both Houses these illustrious strangers, who clung to her fallen fortunes, when every *base Briton* had forsaken her? Why not suffer them in England, to display all those manners, intelligence, and moral worth, which had commanded her esteem and confidence on the Continent? Did they tremble for their lives? *They are too worthless, for any Englisman to take.* Guilty, or Innocent, the Queen never came to our coasts until she knew, that law could not touch her; and that her life, at least, was secure. It was not in the *nature* of her Royal Consort to take it, even if convicted of crime, and if the law could claim it. In the humanity of a generous Nation, she was certain to find a prevailing advocate with Him, *in whose breast, she needed none.* She might, then, well shew her *valour*, to a People of Heroes, without personal risk. Chastity, she may have, though that be very proble-

matical; but in other respects, her Majesty has *now* little character to lose.

A female of rank, a Queen of England, labouring under disgraceful imputations, though supported by conscious innocence and honour, and every other principle, which can solace the afflicted, must feel exquisitely. Blushing, retiring modesty, unaffected sorrow, and the patient, resigned humility of degraded Majesty, should adorn her person, give credibility to protestations of innocence, and dress the scene, which was to interest every worthy mind. Full of honour herself, she should rely implicitly on the honour and justice of the Peers, the Commons, and the Judges. Having intrusted her cause and interests to honourable Gentlemen, possessed of every inclination, and ability to serve her, she should scrupulously abide by their experienced wisdom. She should, in language and conduct, carefully shun every thing, likely to irritate and inflame. She should strongly discourage both, in all her Partizans. So perfectly should she submit to God, and her Country, as to scorn all appearance of making herself the tool of a faction. Calling for inquiry, and demanding justice, she should feel and express her unqualified abhorrence of every step, which could impede them both; and was calculated to give the impression, that, she could not abide the test of those Ordeals. This was the path which innocence, honour, peace, justice, love of Country, reverence for religion, and every sacred principle dictated to her Majesty. Has she walked in that path? So far from it, that Mr. Brougham complains of the undue ascendancy of other counsels; and well he may complain, since it has procured to himself the dishonourable name and office, of Counsellor *Underwood*. High is the responsibility with which that Honourable Gentleman is invested, and well does it become him to consult his honour, how far he shall answer for measures, which he does not approve, and cannot controul. It is too plain, from the whole of her Majesty's conduct, that she has the worst advisers, and is too much disposed to adopt pernicious counsels. What can it tend to, but to confirm a bad opinion of her conduct abroad, and to excite the most detestable suspicions of her designs at home."

To load with obloquy Witnesses, whose names, characters, and testimony are unknown, to assail their persons, and to endanger their lives, shews too plainly, that these friends of her Majesty have little hope of a cause, which must be served in this way. When royal majesty and female delicacy are cast off to court the dregs of the people, it proves that her Majesty has little reliance on the discrimination, honour, and justice of the country. When the country is placarded with inflammatory insinuations, that the King, Lords, and Commons contemplate the MURDER OF THE QUEEN, it is plain, that these infamous agents would excite rebellion. No man, nor woman, possessed of a sound mind, has the slightest apprehension for her life. If her friends, as they call themselves, do not endanger it, by driving her into open rebellion, she has nothing to fear for it, from any Englishman.

When the Old Times first announced her Majesty's intended return to this country, it was in language which boded civil war. They gravely enumerated, *how often* England had been *invaded*, and *conquered*, from the Continent. This was insinuating, that the Queen was to return in the spirit, and for the purposes, of a Lancaster, a Richmond, or an Edward. What the loyal Editor of the Times *wished*, we knew; but we treated his threat with contempt and derision. But the conduct of her Majesty, and of her friends since her return, calls seriously for the inquiry, What are their intentions? What is the tendency of their conduct? And whither is this agitated Nation actually going? And for whom, and what, are we rushing to arms and ruin? The King, the Princes of his Blood, the Government, both Houses of Parliament, the Church, the Bar, the Gentry, the Commerce, the Trade and the Manufacture of the land, have every reason to wish for peace and order; and *certainly will maintain it if they can*. The Opposition, if they choose to lead the Radicals, and to make of the Queen a stage pageant, and pretext for Rebellion, may *certainly* kindle a civil war. That is easily done. They may shed torrents of blood, and yet they would find it *difficult*—we trust, *impracticable*, to effect ~~such a~~ ^{their} purpose. If they do, will *they* be the better for it? May not the Radicals devour *them*, as well as us; and so

make them sing in the bitterness of their hearts, as did the long Parliament, when turned out of their House, *Sic vos, non vobis?* After a world of crime and misery, must we not return to a *King, Lords, and Commons*, and can we expect better, than these we have already? Your King, your Country, your Lords, your Commons, your Laws, your Liberties, your Religion, your Honours, your Fortunes, and your Lives implore you, Gentlemen, *to stop, before it be too late.*

Let the Queen be treated, with all the generous humanity due to her delicate and unhappy circumstances. If it be base and injurious to the Queen to prejudicate her guilt before condemnation, it is yet more criminal and rebellious to the whole State, to assume her innocence, while so grave an accusation is pending. If she be pronounced *not guilty*, the divorce falls, her honour is cleared, and she may reside in England, or elsewhere, with a princely appanage. But if pronounced *Guilty*, let her retire peaceably to her native Brunswick, under the protection of Princes of her own blood. England can never bear a Queen of Naples, nor yet an Imperial Catharine of Russia. Adulteresses, by the annals of all Nations, are ever proved to be, *as perilous*, as infamous. Who but the Royal Strumpet of a common soldier, Godoy, publicly basterdized her Royal Son, and betrayed the Kingdoms of Spain and Portugal, into the hands of Bonaparte? Who but a She Wolf of France worried a Royal Edward to death, and made *Berkley Castle to ring, with the shrieks of an agonizing King?* It is not fit, it ever should be forgotten.

Not satisfied with postponing the Coronation, for which there is colour of public decency, some Journals have the audacity to point out Hanover, as a proper place to hide the Anointed Majesty of England, while faction is organizing rebellion, under the name of his Queen. Who but Traitors dare imagine the dastard infamy? No, let the Glorious Head of Brunswick and of England stand, like Atlas on his eternal base, and, from a *brow serene*, look down, on the storm which breaks beneath his feet. He is no illiterate upstart, nor ignorant of the maxims of antiquity. Born to a throne, and with a soul to fill it, there will he live, and die in

honour. Every Royal Brother and Prince of his Blood, Prelates and Judges, Church and Bar, Army and Navy, and all the moral worth of England shall interpose their breasts to shield his Sacred Person. Not merely for him, but for love to this blessed Country, Religion shall lift her holy arms on high, and if they wax feeble, the Church and Meeting shall sustain them, as Aaron and Hur did those of Moses. We have a Powerful Advocate on High. Most mightily hath He saved, in a thousand perilous circumstances; and it is irreligion, to doubt of his Almighty Protection. *No fear* would we inspire; but awake all from slumber and supineness, to salutary suspicion, vigilance, and a courage, calm and determined to stem the billows of proud faction, or honourably to bury ourselves under its overwhelming waters.

Unless we were as wise as Alderman Wood, or as audacious, as Sir Charles Wolsey, to make ourselves self elected members of the Senate, no private individual will have hardihood to dictate to that August Assembly, what measures are fittest to be taken, or what precautions to be adopted, in a Crisis so perilous. Individually, to state to Individuals the whole extent of their danger, and to call upon them to rally round the United State of Great Britain, and to be ready with head, heart, and hand, to give it aid, whenever Government shall find necessary to call for it, can misbecome NO ENGLISHMAN. We entreat none of those Classes, to whom this loyal page is inscribed, to fix their eyes *exclusively* on any one count produced in it; but *carefully to weigh, and combine them all*. First, let them consider what *moral strength* the Nation has lost by the degradation of her Parliament. And here let them reflect, that England is not like old France, and other modern Nations of the Continent, who contend for mere Royalty, and shout THE KING, THE KING. But with more illuminated reason, and determined Patriotism, she expands the Banners of LOYALTY, emanating from the *three United Orders of State*, and for them alone, under the sanction of English Law, with God's blessing, she is willing to live and die. Secondly let them consider the fearful impression, which Infidelity has made on the Religion and morals of the Country, and

which years and labour only can repel, at least in disaffected districts. Thirdly, let then annalyze the dreadful compositions of Radicalism, and mark her furious march through the country. *She is not dead, nor doth she sleep.* Fourthly, contemplate the menacing attitude of Popery. Fifthly, reflect on the personal, base, and savage assault on the dignity, and safety of the Crown, under a standard raised so falsely and invidiously, for the *Protection of the life of a Queen of England.* Sixthly, as in the sight of God, and as you value the welfare of your Country, say whether the furious driving of Opposition is not the cause of many, and the great encouragement of all these evils? Can they advance many steps farther, without precipitating us all into incalculable evils? Alas! we have long lost our old vocabulary. LICENTIOUSNESS has usurped the name and office of LIBERTY, and branded her with the abhorred name of TYRANNY. What right have we to complain of Hunt, Cobbet, and such men, when our distracted country can find so little filial reverence and love, bowels and mercies, from the illustrious names, which form the Opposition? Of the ignorant and ill informed, many do, bonâ fide, believe her Majesty *a most innocent, and much injured woman, and that she has, as much right to a Diadem, as the King himself.* While we censure, we excuse, and bear with them. But what man of sense can be persuaded, that the Opposition believe her so innocent, as not to be one of the most *imprudent of women*; or that they use her Name, but to serve their own purposes? What a spirit, what principles are these!

Let the whole be taken together, and we have a fearful mass of combustible material of every possible kind, and all operating, openly, or secretly, at the same time. The trial of the Queen, and the disclosures which will then be made, will taint the minds of one sex with impurity, and transport the other, to all the rage of faction. If happily we escape all these deaths, assuredly it must be ascribed to HIM, *who sitteth above the waterfloods, and stilleth the madness of the people.* If Spain, Naples, and other Nations who have long groaned under a heavy and ignominious Yoke, revolutionize themselves, in pursuit of the blessings of

Liberty, they act laudably; and if they pursue their object, with wisdom and moderation, they will be richly recompensed for their perils and sacrifices. But we are rich in liberty, and abound. Our love of liberty may emphatically be called, **THE ANGLO-MANIA**; and we need no spirit of prophecy to predict, that the Country *will die of it*; but our hour, *we trust is not yet come*. From the licentious liberty we now enjoy, one step will throw us into the arms of anarchy, *the noblest wreck of Nations, and the pillage of the vilest populace*. From the moderation of Opposition, we expect *nothing*. Nor do we build large hope upon her mercy. She is seldom, and but *partially* then, touched by the compunctious visitations of conscience. From the *fear* of losing herself, in the wreck, we have more rational expectation; yet in that we must not implicitly confide. Under God, our best hope is in the experienced wisdom and energy of *a United Parliament of King, Lords, and Commons*, and what they may want of physical strength, or moral daring, must be supplied by all the Property, wisdom, and worth, which march under the Standards of Religion, Morals, and well ordered Liberty. We have stood the shock of a world in arms, and what Englishman, what Christian shall doubt, that we shall stand the shock of proud Revolt, if she dare to meet the terror of our eye? Besides the Royal Standard of England, a thousand Bibles shall fly upon our Banners, and strike *fear and flight* into the hostile ranks. Nor King, nor Lords, nor Commons, nor a loyal Nation have provoked aggression. If it come uncalled, we will go forth against these earth-born Philistines, in the name of the Lord God of England, whom they have blasphemed and defied, and *He will deliver them into our hands*.

The Author feels, that he has obtruded too long upon his Superiors, and that before he takes his leave, he owes them an apology for his boldness. Had the most Venerable Prelate, noble Lord or Commoner, or any Gentleman in high, or lucrative office, in State or Church, written this page with all the wisdom and eloquence of an Angel, it would be answered, *He has not written for nothing*. The Author never set his eye on King, Queen, Prince of the

blood, nor Minister of State. With the exception of twenty Lords and Commons, with not one of whom he claims *intimacy*, he knows personally little of the Peerage and Gentry. By State or Church, Government or Opposition, he never was bound by *benefit*, nor inflamed by *contumely*. Nor Church, nor State, hath ever served him; yet both have lived in his heart from youth, and he has had as many opportunities, and as effectual ones of serving them, as fall to most men of his humble station and talent. He never asked, nor expected reward; nor thought himself neglected, by not finding it. All his mercies and benefits are from the mighty God of Heaven. To Him all his poor services are humbly presented, as unworthy of acceptance, but for a Saviour's *immense grace*. He desires no human remuneration, *and will accept of none*. A Minister of the Sanctuary, he is perfectly satisfied with its rich provision. Yet let him not be mistaken, as speaking of the bounties of the Church of England. The thirty-five years of his ministry have never cost Church or State, on an average, more than £100 per annum; an income, which has never afforded himself and family the *decencies* of his humble station. By birth, education, and Office, he claims to be a Gentleman, and to be entitled to address himself to Gentlemen. Placed in the middle Class, he has every opportunity of knowing the *lowest*. The subjects he discusses are of too much vital interest to the Church and State, to be *foreign* to his office. He is old and ready to die; and both make him bold, in his country's cause. On the whole, he is as free from suspicion of corrupt motive, as man can well be; and when an obscure Curate is anxious for the public welfare, what a reproach will it be to his Superiors, who have so much more at stake, if they are cold and supine? He cordially believes all he has written, and loyalty, honour, and liberty embalm his page. He is conscious of personal animosity to none.

If he be thought to have indulged too much severity to the Queen, he must say, no man felt more for her, as the neglected, and forsaken wife of youth. The feeling was general, and strong. Yet even then, she was not the only wife, in whose bosom was planted

the thorn of domestic infelicity. She had consolations, which they had not. Innocence, conscious honour, and the support of religion were common to her, with every virtuous sufferer. But she was great England's future Queen, and the Mother of a lovely Daughter, destined to sway her Sceptre. The caresses of infant loveliness, and fond maternal cares were calculated to sooth her griefs. Her very sorrows gave her new interest in the hearts of a generous People, whose proud homage was some indemnity for unmerited suffering, and as a providential hand held out, to support her in the path of virtue. But when instead of the *Sorrows*, whisper began to report the *Levities* of the Princess of Wales; when a public investigation confirmed that whisper, and censured those *levities*, while yet it cleared her from actual dishonour, we acquiesced in the censure and acquittal, with a mixture of pleasure and pain. When the Princess threw herself into the arms of Opposition, the tide of opinion began to turn against her. That she could not conciliate the affections of her husband was her *misfortune*; but when she braved the resentment, and disturbed the Government of her Prince, it was her *fault*. While we felt for her, as *Men*, we disapproved her conduct, as *loyal Subjects*. Still while she continued in England, the Princess kept a strong hold on the feeling of wise and good men. But when Englishmen returning from travel, and Foreigners touching on our coast, loudly circulated the tale of National Dishonour, what could the Regent do, but to inquire by an honourable commission into the truth of an infamy, so publicly talked of? The results of those inquiries are not yet before the public; and the keeping them back so long, and the reluctance with which they were produced, argue delicacy, feeling, consideration, and honour. Even this Box of Pandora, when it was laid before both Houses, the boldest Politicians dreaded to open. They exhausted every means to produce amicable arrangement, rather than hazard the perils, which would attend, and flow from, a legal investigation. The Honourable House of Commons, by their Deputation, almost threw themselves at the feet of her Majesty, to depreciate that extremity: but she was inexorable. It, therefore, became a measure

of imperious necessity to establish the honour of the Kingdom, by a solemn inquiry into her Majesty's conduct, and by pronouncing her GUILTY, or NOT GUILTY.

While such a cause was pending, it became her Majesty, her Advisers, and all who consider themselves as her Friends, to consult the public peace, the dignity of the Crown, and the honour of the Parliament, by carefully avoiding every thing inflammatory, and which could tend, by intimidation, to oppose, and retard the march of impartial justice. A conduct directly the reverse, and which seems calculated to justify our worst fears, has obliged the Author, to animadvert on her Majesty, with a severity due to his *Country's welfare*. The Nation must not be sacrificed to any feeling of an individual, however illustrious; and every Englishman, and especially both Houses of Parliament, are loudly called upon, to support and countenance the administration of *impartial justice*. Though her Majesty's personal conduct, since she came home, has much depreciated her in his estimation, yet he dares not prejudicate her guilt. Every virtuous mind *wishes* her innocent; and *if innocent*, as a much injured woman, *to be pronounced so, by the Peers of England*. It is every way best for the Nation, that *she should be found so*. For innocence has not only the purity and power of Angels, but their harmlessness and benignity. *The triumph of an Angel will be peaceable*. My *only fear* is, that her Majesty is guilty, and will be found so. The mischiefs we fear, will arise from violent attempts to intimidate and oppose justice; and what is this, but a loud proclamation of supposed crime? Or, even after guilt is proved, to make a furious outcry of injustice, and to push things to every possible extremity? The bravest, wisest, and best must lament to see a Queen of England, at the head of such a mixed, furious, and unprincipled faction. Let what will happen, the Country will do her duty to the last. Old Horace, though a pagan, spoke nobly, *Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*; and of one thing, we may be certain, should any die in the contest, they will be far more happy, than they who should survive, to crouch beneath the tyranny of triumphant faction. All see the

possibility of an appeal to the sword. The Radicals contemplate its *probability*, and confidently anticipate its success. Not because they are more brave to fight; for they are ever readiest to flee: but because they *wish* it, and because they are weak enough to believe, they can find their private interest, in general ruin. The Opposition see its *possibility*; yet do not *directly wish*, and *intend* it. They freely throw the seeds of fire on combustible materials, and would gladly blow up a fore-castle, and fire the rigging, provided Ministers be blown overboard, no matter whether it be, *with their heads, or without them*; and when they have brought their Sovereign to their feet, they will then evince their loyalty, extinguish the flames, bring the wreck into port, and assume credit for saving the hull of a vessel, which themselves had wrecked. Such experiments are equally atrocious and perilous. What if the fire kindle so rapidly fore and aft, as to explode *every magazine*, and blow the vessel into a thousand pieces? Will it exonerate the Opposition, then to say, *We did not mean it?* The Government also see the fearful possibility, and are doubtless taking every measure, with as little publicity, as may be, to prevent, or to meet it. But there is in the language of the Sovereign and of Both Houses, a measured dignity, a high polish, and leniency of expression, which well comport with their own High Station, and the general calm of affairs; but which are not so well calculated, to rouse the energies of the people, to the *necessity* of self defence, and to contend with the fury of the Hurricane. Here, dignity, polished periods, and studied sauvity are misplaced, and worse than an incumbrance. Here, all should be nerve and energy. The man, and not the Actor, should be heard. The shot should be red hot; and burn where it penetrates. The naked soul should be felt and seen, where every sacred passion fights for the existence of country. It proves weakness, and *conscious* weakness, to spread unnecessary alarm; but where great danger exists, while wisdom dissembles whatever can increase that danger, the Higher and Middle Classes should be made to feel the *necessity* of Union, courage and exertion. Beyond the great perils of the present

Moral Crisis of the day, which he has pointed out, the Author will indicate no apprehension of particular danger. If any such exist, we must leave it to the vigilance of Government, to detect it, and to prepare a suitable defence. The Author has done what he could, and his prayer is, that many, who can do better, may do it most effectually, while yet there is time.

Nobles and Gentlemen of England, such fearful signs, portents and prodigies, as now amaze your senses, were precursors of the explosion of a Volcano, which for two and twenty years, covered earth and sea, with fire and blood. With the single exception of this favoured land, every kingdom witnessed the march of hostile armies, and every capital submitted to the insults of a victorious foe. A thousand thunders uttered their voices, and a voice, stronger and more terrific than them all, proclaimed, "The whole earth shall know, that I ALONE AM GOD. All flesh shall fear, and tremble before ME." The same prodigies, repeated in our land, seem to announce a repetition of similar judgements. The remembrance of past mercies and deliverances encourage hope, but gives no absolute promise of safety. The triumphs of a *united people*, fighting on hostile land, are poor securities, for the safety of a *divided nation*, turning her sword upon her own vitals, and steeping her native soil in fratricidal gore. Relapses, which we are to combat with debilitated frame, are more dangerous than incipient diseases, which we encounter in full health and vigour. We have heard of Battles, Massacres, Conflagrations, and a world of horrors; but we have not *seen*, nor *felt* them. If we have not learned wisdom by the sufferings of others, shall we impeach the Righteousness of the Almighty, if he teach it us, by our own. *Knowing God as God*, it is manifest, *we have not glorified him as such, nor have been thankful*. Never was the Nation so generally corrupted, so tainted with atrocious crime, and *so totally devoid of all moral principle*. Except God had left us a remnant, well might he **make us as Sodom and Gomorrah!** If we fear nought else, *may we fear God; be in subjection to the Father of Spirits, and live!* What is Britannia and her mighty trident, while Nelsons and Wel-

lions, like old and young lions, couch at her feet, and only wait command, to spring on her foes? She, and they are, what God made them to be; and so they shall continue, great, renowned, and invincible; but if he be angry, and they feel the *stroke of his eye*, their courage shall be withered, their strength broken, and their glory turned into shame. What *was* Bonaparte, and what is he *now*? *All is God's, which vain man calls his own.*

Our signs are written in such mystic characters, as to require the wisdom of a Daniel to decypher them. We can only guess at the import of characters, traced by the visible finger of God. *Infatuation* is a prominent letter of the writing, and the experience of ages has recorded the Prophecy of *Common Sense*, "*Quem Deus vult perdere, prius dementat.*" How far that Infatuation may go, and what may be the *extent* of its consequences, we must be content to remain in ignorance of. Had we a second Daniel to declare both, he would not be believed by one part of the Nation. Their wickedness would urge them on, to fulfil their evil destinies. And for the wiser part, who *fear God and honour the King*, they must march, in the straight forward path of duty and religion. Rebellion must be resisted to the utmost, at *every* peril, and at *any* sacrifice. Could we know every painful scene, which we are to witness, or in which we are to act, who could bear it! It is enough to know, God will do his pleasure; and it is in his wisdom, goodness, and power, we must find salvation and strength. The dubious, dark light, by which we look into futurity, and the undefined forms imaged there, teach us in humility and piety to say, *Good is the will of the Lord! Let Him do, as seemeth him good!* May this solemn crisis call forth in our hearts, sentiments of ingenuousness, shame, sorrow, fear, penitence and amendment! Let us pray for wisdom, patience, fortitude, and resignation. Let us look back, to fathers, who lived and died in honour. Let us look forward, to the welfare of Posterity, yet unborn. Consider what you have been, and done; and never disgrace your former gallant bearing. May you feel exquisitely, the multitude of tender strings, which bind you to your Country, and may you feel her safety, dearer than your own!

Every man hath much to be sorry for and ashamed of, in his private life. In his public conduct, he cannot be without error and infirmity. But in a crisis like the present, it is full of comfort to know, that we have a good cause, and have not provoked aggression. That the lower orders have suffered much in the war, and since the peace, cannot be denied; but that will not disprove the wisdom and necessity, both of the war, and of the peace. They were inevitable evils, hazarded and incurred, to save us from worse. They are less than what other nations have suffered, and are suffering; nor can it be made to appear, how Government can hastily remove, or diminish them. What one point can we concede to the Radicals, which will not bury them, and ourselves in ruin? How are we to conciliate Opposition? Shall the King concede his *right*, to elect his confidential Servants, and the People their right, to express their approbation of his choice, and their confidence in the wisdom and integrity of those Ministers? How shall we appease an irritated Queen, and I will not say *her* Faction; for, in truth, she has *none*. Her faction, if so it must be called, is composed of the Opposition, the father of all modern factions, and who lend illustrious names and talents, to the most pernicious and obscure. The Radicals, the second component part, may be classed into *deceivers*, and *deceived*; the first pure rascals, unmingled with any alloy of virtue; the second, pure ignorance, with hardly three grains of sense. These are formidable, by mere physical strength. The Queen alone, is her own faction, and lends her great name, as the Stalking-horse of Factions not her own.

How wretched is the nativity of Kings! Were it not infamy to desert the high station, to which Providence has called them, what man of sense and piety would be prevailed on to take, from the street, the gaudy bawble of a diadem; without, blazing with diamonds, and within, lined with pungent thorns, to lacerate the temples of the Royal Wearer? A diadem, which requires a combination of uncommon talents and virtues, for any man to wear with *honor*. From his cradle he is nursed in flatteries. Privacy he never can know; but from infancy to death, every weakness of

the man is published to the world. It is only by the peculiar Providence of God, he can call a Craterus, or a Sully his real friend. Let none say, "these are the evils of royalty;" they are *the evils of man*. It is not in his fortune, to choose a single life. Imperious duty compels his marriage. Policy of State obliges him to seek a foreign, and a royal hand; and policy of Church prohibits his union with a Papal Crown. Among the few Princesses of protestant blood, considerations of inferior politics will still narrow his choice. At last, like a royal victim adorned for sacrifice, he is in many cases, obliged to immolate himself for his people, and to relinquish every feeling of the Man, for the honor of the Monarch. The same, perhaps, is equally the case of his Royal Consort. Domestic infelicity to both is the inevitable result, and both are greatly to be pitied. Piety and virtue, wisdom and prudence, may yet prevent their private misery, from destroying the peace of their people. But if the forsaken female, so far disregard these sacred guardians, as through Europe to commit, *even to suspicion*, the honor of her Sovereign and her adopted Country, must a mighty nation be offered up to Nemesis on the follies of two illustrious individuals? If reciprocity of crime is to be established, *all vice is justified*, and religion and law will be empty names. In the sight of God, perhaps, the sin of the husband, who should be the guide and guard of his wife, is not more excusable, than the frailties of the weaker Vessel; yet, are they not so noxious, and perilous, to a Nation's Welfare. Twenty natural children of the Sovereign cannot endanger the legitimate succession, whereas one supposititious child fathered upon him, may bathe the land in blood. Whatever injuries a Nation's Morals may receive from the bold sins of her Sovereign, can never weigh against the corruption of her sex, and the secret, yet daring infamy of a Queen, whether convicted, or only suspected. The Wife who from personal attachment to her husband, maternal tenderness to her child, public decency, or the religious hope of saving a soul from death, and covering a multitude of sins, shall meekly endure the infidelities of a husband, is aggrandized to immortality. Such was Octavia, the deserted wife of

Mark Anthony. But every husband, who bears with a woman reputed infamous, is the scorn of mankind; a wretch degraded to the lowest state of profligacy, who neither blushes at his own crimes, nor those of his wife. If the King of England has offended against the King Eternal, by the violation of his laws, He alone is entitled to claim the forfeit. But will it justify any woman, or any Queen, to say, my husband, or my Sovereign, has thrown away the inestimable jewels of truth and chastity, insulted his wife, his daughter, his Country and his God, and absolutely forfeited his immortal soul, *without a most deep and sincere repentance*, and therefore I will do the same? This is good radical doctrine, and by a pamphlet of Carlyle's, now in the hands of the Author, and *dedicated to the Queen of England*, is fully justified; not as presuming upon her Majesty's innocence, but as barefacedly assuming her guilt. Is it possible a King can resent it, without feeling and proclaiming to his people, that he himself is, before God, conscious of his sin, and blushes at the recollection? But if, on penalty of crown, and of life, a degraded Monarch could submit to the infamy, now that it is published to mankind, it is impossible, that the English Nation should submit to it. No, even if War follow, nothing but folly can believe it, to be more, than a *mere pretext*, for the deep buried crimes of the whole Nation, and for which they would find some other, if this were wanting? A deadly Chalice, mingled by human malice, with every poisonous ingredient, yet the retributive cup of the Almighty, is now forced on the lips of England's King; and, if not even *hope* remain in Pandora's fatal box, health, I humbly trust, will be found in a cup, whose noxious qualities are corrected by God's *Mercy and Grace*.

Did he aim a blow at his Royal Consort's life, had he courted and provoked this most momentous investigation, we might leave him to its consequences. But He, the Lords, and Commons have forborne, deprecated it to the last, and would have put up with any thing on tolerable terms, rather than endure the *infamy*, or provoke the perils of this investigation. Urged on by *unprincipled, and merciless instigators*, her Majesty, to use the

insinuation of the Old Times, has *invaded* the land; and to judge by the attitude assumed by herself, and her partizans, is prepared to wrestle with her Sovereign, for his Sceptre and Diadem, which he cannot lose, without loss of life. Are we to make a new ROYAL MARRIAGE ACT, and to inform the People of the Continent, that though we scorn to take the life of a Royal Adulteress, even though she should be convicted by our Peers; yet we pledge our honours and lives, to every thoughtless foreigner, that if, by her *imprudence and folly*, she tarnish the fame of her Sovereign and Country, England is so full of rebellion, as ever to be ready to whitewash a dubious character, in her best blood? There is no more reason for talking, even of the Anglomania of Liberty; but we must be contented, to be stigmatized emphatically by all, as THE MAD NATION: a people, who contemptibly tilt with peaceable Windmills, which grind the bread of life, mistaking them for the giants of Tyranny and Oppression. Never did the wit and the satire of Cervantes imagine any thing more ludicrous, than we are acting in real life. The quixotism he exposes is comparatively innocent, and merely ludicrous. Ours is pure crime, and sport for Devils. Don Quixote and honest Sancho Panza, have been, and shall be a healthful laugh to Europe; but what eulogy shall she pass on Earl Grey, and Mr. Alderman Wood?

Lords and Gentlemen, the unexampled wickedness of our nation, has, by the just judgement of God, encompassed our King, our Lords and our Commons with dangers, and with the blessing of our Paternal Corrector, *we must extricate them, at every peril, or perish with them.* We have no honourable, nor even *safe* retreat. To attempt it, *is certain ruin.* Our only safety is to advance, and meekly, yet firmly submit to evils, we can no longer shun. Let the Sovereign, his Ministers, and the Mitred Prelates of the Realm, “call a fast, and proclaim a solemn assembly, and all the Priests weep between the Porch and the Altar.” At that Altar, let Government and Opposition, and all the people lie in prostrate adoration; and let the Priests say: “Thou Great and Terrible God, of immaculate Holiness, Thou wilt not suffer iniquity to

pass unpunished, in the mightiest, and most beloved. All thy Servants have grievously sinned against Thee Alone, and done many evils in thy sight. We are worthy to perish, and we dare not even offer our lives, as an *expiation*, as worthless, as proud, for our offences. Yet for the sake of Thine Anointed on High, and for the precious blood He shed on earth for man's salvation, accept our sinful prayers. Turn away thy righteous sword. Let not Englishmen for *six months*, nor yet, for *six hours*, flee before Englishmen. Let not black famine, for *three years*, instigate a starving populace, to devour us. No, O Lord; if yet thou art so gracious, as to leave us the choice of three dire extremities, let us fall into Thy own merciful hand. Commission the Destroying Angel to go forth, to *select thy victims*, and to *exterminate England's foes*. From the Monarch on the Throne, to the meanest peasant, *all are guilty*, in many respects; and all present themselves, the humbled victims of thy justice, and the penitential pleaders on thy mercy. Strike where thou wilt, O Lord; but *spare our Country!* Let not the innocent be, as the guilty. This be far from thee, *Thou judge of all the earth!* And to this prayer, *Let every Englishmen say, AMEN!*

POSTSCRIPT. On a bright, auspicious omen, the Author has strangely neglected, in painting so dark a scene. All nations of the earth are stretching out their hands to Britain, and asking for THE LAW OF TRUTH, THE BREAD OF IMMORTALITY; while she, with impartial magnificence and love, as the Mother of mankind largely communicates both, without money and without price. What a spectacle of cordial approbation is this to the God of Heaven, and his holy Angels! Transformed with her Saviour on the peaceful top of this glorious Tabor, how different is she from that Britain, which stood alone, bleeding from helm to spur, and fighting for life, at once the sword and shield of Europe!

Then she was terrible in greatness, and struck amazement into the hearts of her foes : now she is as heavenly Charity herself, raising the head of bruised nations, pouring oil and wine into their wounds, washing their feet, with the humility of her Saviour, and working all moral miracles in his name.—Unsearchable are all Heaven's ways, and not one of them, may be questioned ;—and yet, though if I look to second causes, operating before my eyes, I seem to hear swords clashing in my ears, until I see the fact, I will not believe, that God will commit such a nation, to the foul debate of civil war.

Though infidelity has made fearful inroad upon the morals of the lower classes, yet never were religious men of every name, so cordially and peaceably disposed, towards each other. Religion is not, as in the unhappy days of Charles the First, arrayed against the State; and in this perilous day, may the Royal House of Brunswick reap all the happy fruits of that religious toleration, which has ever presided in their counsels. The sober religion of the Reformation is greatly spread amongst our own Clergy, the Middle, and even the Higher Classes. What we appear to have lost on one side, is more than gained on the other. But this great nation seems to comprise the worst and best extremes of good and evil. While we excel all the world in religion, laws, and government, licentiousness under the name of liberty, palsies the energy of law, destroys the love of Country, and most awfully threatens universal anarchy, and common ruin. May the ever blessed God point out the means for our deliverance, and dispose our hearts effectually to adopt them!

FINIS.

